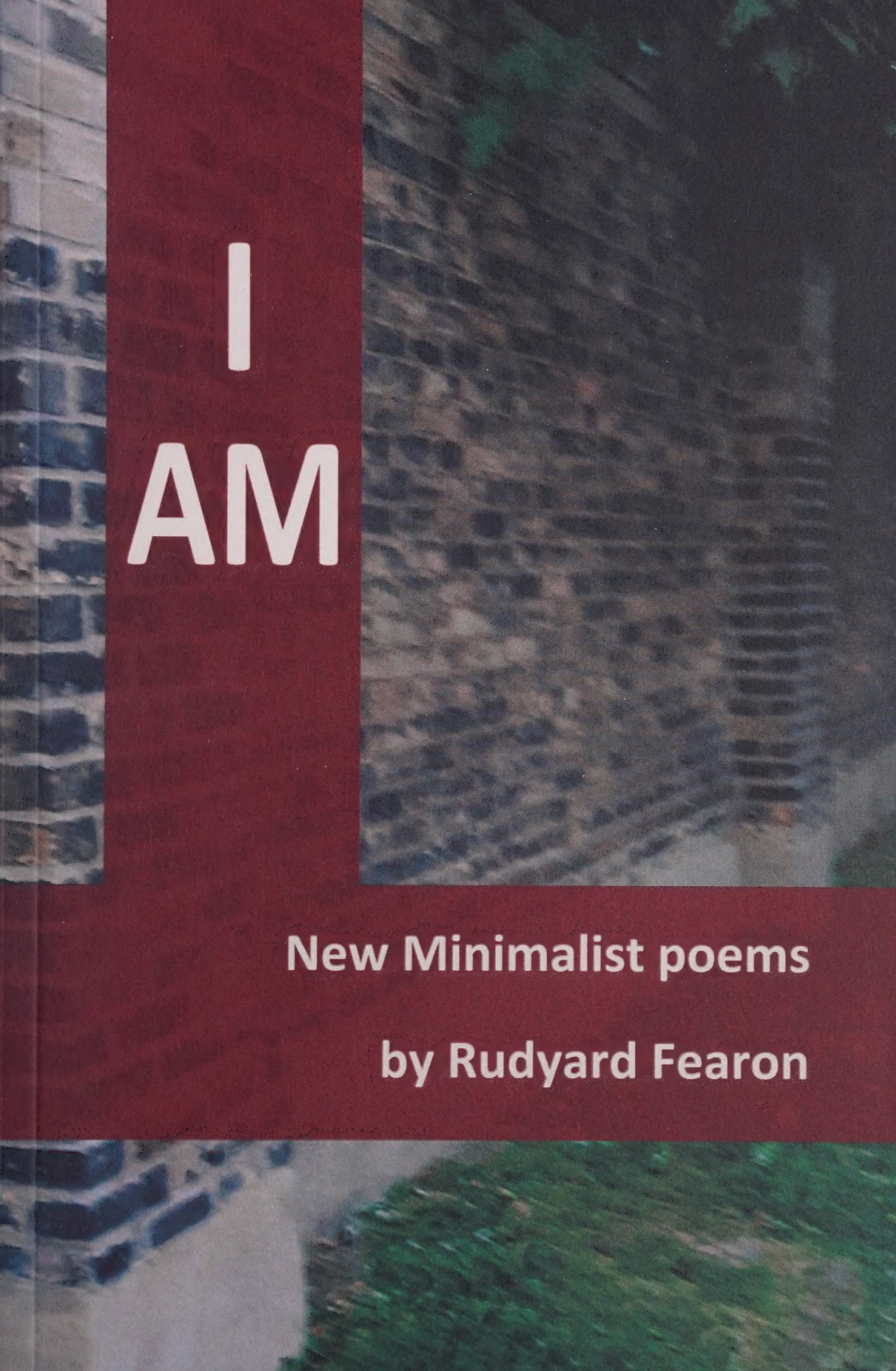
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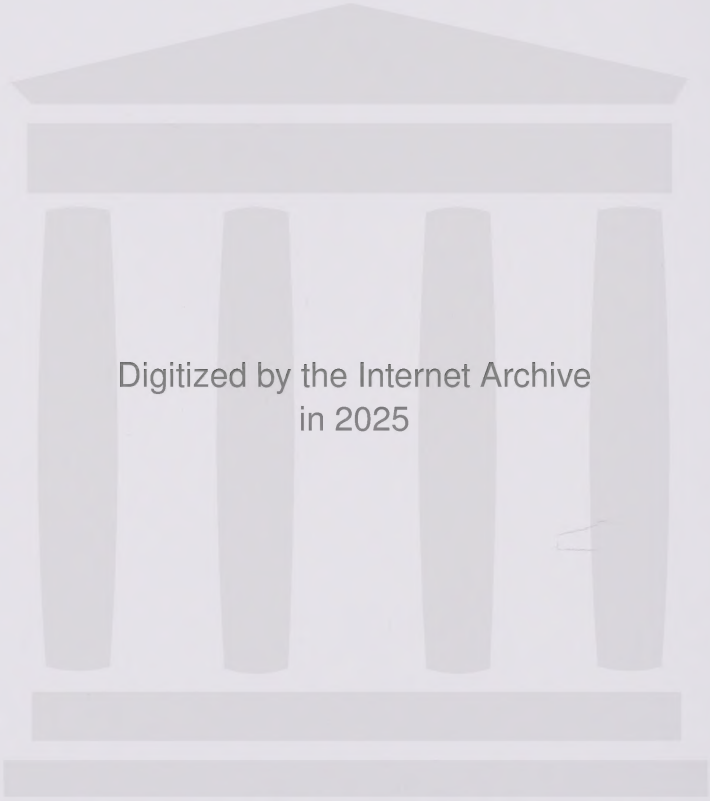
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New minimalist poems

by Rudyard Fearon

RWF Publishing

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. Contents .

I Am . . . 1
Nothing Here . . 2
Some Things . . 3
Good-Byes . . 4
Home . . . 5
The Good Old Days . 6
The little Things . . 7
Thanks . . . 8
Love and Hate . . 9
Kind . . . 10
The Flaw . . 11
Instagram models . 12
Rich and Poor . . 13
The Past . . 14
Closing time . . 15
Art . . . 16
May Day . . 17
Warrior Queen . . 18
Love Poems . . 19
The Winding Road . 20
Monster . . 21
Spaced Out . . 22
Beware . . . 23
The Visitor . . 24

. Contents .

Many Things . . 25
A Moment . . 26
Tears are Fallin' . . 27
Burden . . . 28
Reality Check . . 29
Alone . . . 30
Blood Poem . . 31
The Other Side . . 32
So Many Me . . 33
A Moment In Time . 34
The Wrong Way. . 35
Well Dressed . . 36
Siege . . . 37
Hard Times . . 38
Bread . . . 39
Master Of All . . 40

I Am

Am neither here

Nor there

But somewhere

I know

I am

If you find me

Let me be!

I am

what

I am.

Nothing Here

There is nothing here
For me to stay
Nothing here for me
In any way.
So I will take a step
Backward
To take a step
Forward.

A new step
To find a new way
A new step
On a new day.

Some Things

Some things are best

To leave alone

To stay buried

To stay hidden

To stay at peace

In darkness.

Good-Byes

Sometimes it's not the good-byes

That make you cry,

But the miss you

That lingers long

After the good-byes.

Home

Back where I started

I must run no more.

The Good Old Days

The good old days

Never die;

They stay tangled

In the memory

Like that old song

That old tune

That is forever stuck

On replay.

The Little Things

The little things

Is what life

Is about-

Not the big things.

The big things swallow you up

And spit you out.

Make you insignificant.

The little things

Is what life

is about-

The little things

For me I say,

The little things

Every day.

Thanks

So much to give thanks for:

The rain that falls

The sun that shines.

And this little pot

Of mine that yields manna

For my family.

Love and Hate

I have known love and hate

But sometimes I know not

Which one hugs more-

Yet here I stand,

Standing tall.

Kind

It is wise

To be kind

At times,

But so foolish

To be kind

All the time.

The Flaw

To say sorry

Is to admit

The wrong.

To admit the wrong

Is to admit

The flaw.

Instagram models

Everyone wants

To be a model

On Instagram

Not knowing

That some things

Are not meant

For everyone.

Rich and Poor

Everyone wants to be rich.

No wants to be poor.

But if everyone is rich,

No one poor-

Then no one is rich

Anymore.

The Past

Revisiting the past...

It is so sad

The good old days

Never last.

Closing Time

It is time to pull the curtain

Down.

Turn the lights

Off.

Close the door

Behind you.

And enter the dark.

Art

I depart

With my art

Because you trash me

In your heart.

May Day

Such a sunny day today

The birds are out chirping

The children are out playing.

Such a sunny day today

Oh what a happy May day.

(in memory of Wasyl Sydorenko)

Warrior Queen

Hold your bow

Low

Warrior Queen!

Not every high

Must be seen

Your arrow fly.

Love Poems

I don't write love poems

Anymore.

I write of Desdemona, Macbeth

And Delilah

The Winding Road

The road is long

And winding.

I must sit and rest,

For awhile

I must sit and rest.

The road is long

And winding.

I must go on.

I cannot go on.

I must go on.

I cannot go on.

The road is long

And winding.

I must go on.

Monster

Don't look for me

In the closet.

Don't look for me

Under the bed.

I am here

In your head.

Spaced-Out

Beyond clouds

Beyond earth

I must be

In heaven.

Beware

Such calm

In the air

Today.

Such peace.

The Visitor

When she came

I begged her to stay

When she left

I was sorry she came.

Many Things

I have had many things.
Loved many things.

Lost the ones
I loved the most...

I have had many things.
Loved many things.

A Moment

For a moment
You look at me
And I see
The innermost parts
Of you...

For a moment
You slip away.

Tears Are Fallin'

Tears are fallin'
Here tonite
For am drownin'
Drownin' in a sea of love
And I ain't got a boat
A boat to row me
Row me safely home.

Burden

The old chair

On which I sit

Creaks and creaks...

Chair,

My burden

Is heavy too!

Reality Check

I told myself

If you knew

I was there

You wouldn't have closed

The door;

But you knew

I was there

That is why

You closed the door.

Alone

The days are getting darker

And darker,

The mind less sharp.

I hear some happy

Children at play...

It reminds me of younger days.

Oh the sun does not

Come to my dark room,

Anymore,

So I sit and doze

Sit and doze...

All alone with myself.

Blood Poem

I wrote a poem

In blood

And wish I could

Take it back.

The Other Side

They say the grass is greener

On the other side.

Deer and hares run wild.

They say milk and honey

Flow on the other side.

The world is a beautiful place

On the other side.

I say the grass is not greener

On the other side.

The earth is parched and brown-

And my people run wild.

Milk and honey do not flow

On the other side.

I say these things

Because I am on

The other side.

So Many Me

The mirror fell

As I was looking in...

I stooped to pick up

The pieces

And all at once

I saw myself

A dozen times.

A Moment In Time

For a moment

You look at me

And I see

The innermost parts

Of you.

For a moment

You slip away.

The Wrong Way

If you are seeking love

In this old broken heart.

You have lost

Your way.

Well-dressed

No more funerals

To be dressed for.

I am

The honoured guest.

Siege

They stormed the Capitol

Like rabid dogs

Let loose on their prey.

Hard Times

I have fallen on hard times

And now hard times have fallen on me.

Tell the sun not to shine.

Tell the moon and stars

To let darkness reign.

Tell the rain not to fall.

Let famine reign.

Let the tears from my eyes

Water the famished earth.

Let sorrow reign.

Oh I have fallen on hard times

And now hard times have fallen on me

Bread

Come

Let us

Break bread

For the night

Is over.

Master Of All

Watching the moon and stars
Jupiter, Venus, and Mars
What heavenly children they are
Playing and never at war.

Without ego or grief
Accept they the Sun as chief
For though light they also give
Without the Sun they would never live.

But master of all there is One
Though He rarely shows his hand
But without a doubt he is the First-
Ruler of the universe.

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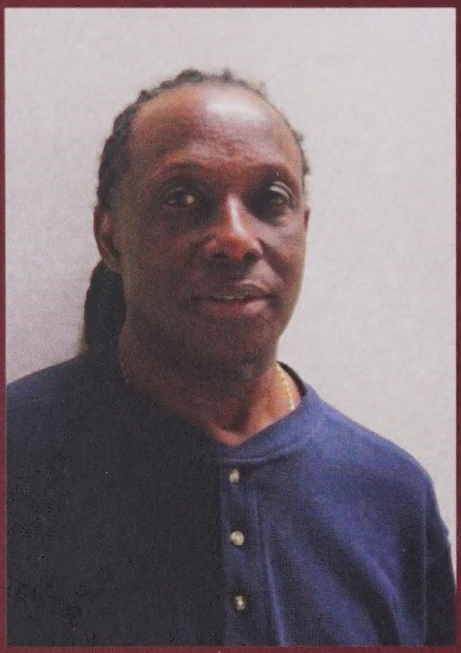

Rudyard Fearon is also the author of three other poetry collections: Free Soil, Spin, Noise In My Mind, and the children's fiction, The Dog Who Could Not Bark.

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